MEANSTREAK
uno
HE SUCKS AIR, AS IF BREATHING HARD ENOUGH WILL MAKE HIM LIVE AGAIN.

"I AM IN NO MOOD TO PLAY AROUND WITH YOU", SHE SAID.

Rodney Mullen—"The reason I don't skate vert is because my Dad won't let me."

Poor Baby

• Kenneth N. Peterson of Janesville, Wisconsin, explaining (in the *Wisconsin State Journal*) why he tried to organize a Ku Klux Klan chapter: "I guess I am basically just looking for a sense of belonging."

Stating the Obvious

PEOPLE ARE PIECES OF FILTHY SH

but dying cows. They don't want word getting around that that's what they are buying, them dying cows. That's what's made them millionaires [laughs]. Yeah, but people eating them don't know it.... You should have had that camera when they were killing all these cancer-eye cows. Aw, the maggots were just pouring out of them. They kill them around here. It all goes to hamburgers....All them canner cows, they are all going to the same process, into all your burgers. It's money. You live in a capitalist world.

...resolved to ignore ...ning for Barbies. But ...mother Marnie Jack- the leftist Canadian (Dec./Jan. 1991) why avoid the hard line ...well as on other not- ...ect toys such as toy ...ndos. While denying ...y help parents feel ...l over "bad" influenc- ...ch lasting weight will a ...plastic Uzi carry in the ...he lasting values kids

It is with this in mind

...into your sec... ...ho had what Insi... ...ant check eveni...

the sins MEANSTREAK

P.O. BOX 482
AKRON OHIO. 44309-0482

RESPECT IS GIVEN /HOW'S YA LIVIN?:

Birdface, Brian Guillermo, The Almighty Crunchface, Bleachmouthimous Cornucpious, Shawn of all local zines, Everyone that I lifted layouts from, Dave Neeson and his wonder fuck fanzine: No One You've Ever Slept With, Rotten Fruit, Black Eyed Peeks, Michelle Vollmar, Size Pimp, Eland, Michele, Sue Strength, Sabrina Armadillo no no, Slow cum Johnblebelly, Truth, Frank Worm, Arms Length, Splinter, La Punta, Straight Out, Sasha, Linas, Lance, 107, All of your mom's living and dead, The age of acquarius, Shawn Length fucking dance right, Brian stage craftsmaster, Windpipe, Joey Knuckles, 250 East, Sweda can I just fucking tell you, Dwid, In Touch with your inner feelings, Fight me, The bird bird bird the bird is the word...

Doesn't tie

Lipsie 1536 Ex Officio Melchioris Lotcher

the blood of heroes

How do you handle the pain factor?

I try to deal with it and not wimp out. If I slam on a trick, I get back up, shake it off, and do that trick again in the next ten minutes. Either make it or slam. That's my theory behind it. I don't just pack it up then, unless I'm really hurt.

What about when you skated cement?

Yeah, I was getting hurt back then. I did the same thing, I kept skating. I had some gnarly slams on cement, good ol' face plants, and big lips a lot of the times. Bloody faces, and big hippers. If you look in the light, you can see all the cracks in my teeth from skating in pools and slamming my face so many times.

SAM: We're not advocating total pacifism, either. We're not pacifists.

Have you?

Read your Crunchface?

Read your Birdface?

Read Janet Hinkle's article in Truth?

Read your Nothing...?

would go over there to hang out with Lucy and I would see her I thought she was cute. I was sitting there, and we were all kicking back and I thought she was cute, she was sitting there on her bed playing with her mouse. You know what happened was that I liked her and I didn't think that she liked me because I'm a skater and girls don't like skaters, that's a fact.

"What's the point of just going through with the true

preliminary bullshit of taking someone out to dinner

and then having to tell them that you love them just

because you want to fuck them?"

VICTIM WILL DIE IN 4 MINUTES

STEALING IS FUNDAMENTAL

IT'S SO POINTLESS

Most people know **Eugene** from his lines in the early L.A. punk documentary *The Decline of Western Civilization* "I think that's stupid punk rock" or "Short hair is the clean-cut American way." But nowadays just call him **The Eug** and dig his acoustic guitar folk search for true enlightenment. Eug says he's not telling people, "Hey, I know the ultimate truth." Instead, he

...ings about his personal search and ...hat everybody has their own sepa... ...ate reality ...

...problem"...

firm a suspicion that female rats don't drown as quickly as males. Thousands of dogs, rats, and

"I'D SWALLOW ALL THE POISON TO MAKE IT GO AWAY." SMALLEY

knowledges are not wartare threats anywhe the world. Various animals have been methodic zapped with electrical currents to see how muc would take to kill them. To fully exhaust cats that they would remain asleep during slee

'ue eyes, biochemistry stu

bbies: boxing, golf.

Death

Have you ever been in trouble with the police? I went through a shoplifting phase in my early teens. My mum lives in LA, me and my step-sister got caught nicking stuff in a supermarket there. The bloke who caught us was massive, like some member of the Fat Boys or something. He flashed this badge in our faces, handcuffed us, took us up to this room and was threatening to put us in jail. The only thing that saved us from total humiliation was that my step-dad was a TV director, he did the most abysmal shite like *Hart To Hart*, and the store didn't want a scandal so they let us off. All we'd taken were two rolls of sellotape and a box of Tic-Tacs

...and they come up on me, right, and they're like, "step so I can knock your fronts out." and I'm like, "no man, I don't wanna go, I'm just sittin here readin bout Manson, man." Cause I was, you know, sittin on the steps in front of this mommy's house that I know, sittin there and readin bout Manson. I don't want nothin to do with with gang bangers, but every day, you know, it seems like some pee - wee wants to claim some respect and move up in the gang so I'm always, like, lookin over my shoulder every place I go, man. The kids from my own neighborhood who I used to play freeze tag with when I was littler are the same kids now who roll up with tinted windows, and I mean tinted black, man, and ask me what the fuck is up. Call me a pussy and I can remember when they used to piss in their pants, man, when older kids used to try and jack us for our Stars Wars figures...

- THIEF, at 250 EAST

EPILOGUE:

Ah, broken golden bowl! the spirit flown fr

NG

raits repel. Are you:

d
le
t

vulgar
highly critical
lazy
argumentative
undependable
insincere
sarcastic
boastful
inquisitive
a gossip

At two - thirty five a.m. the telephone rings and after saying "hello", and focusing my eyes on my digital alarm clock I realize that I have been asleep since mid afternoon when I was just going to lay down for a minute. My arm aches from sleeping on it and on the phone, Cara is telling me about some catalog that she either wants or ordered from and then she says in a spaced out voice that she is bored and has been watching cable all night and when I don't answer she says, "are you there?" And I hang up.

DAYS

sirable than boys. After mar-
riage, a woman must do more
than her of the farm-

Dude Runn

WE NEVER WERE POPULAR NOR DID WE WANT TO BE.

No Thanks

Just be straight with me—no reason to beat around the bush. Just tell me the truth. Don't hide it, tell me what you think. I think that everything would be a lot easier if everyone would just tell the truth and say what they are thinking and how they are feeling. No more trying to figure out what's on someone else's mind. Just tell me, then we won't need to play any games. Tell me if something I said or did hurt you, or if you just don't agree with it. In exchange I'll tell you when you hurt me, or do something that I'm not too sure about. I'll even start out first. It might take some time to get used to, but I'm sure you can do it.

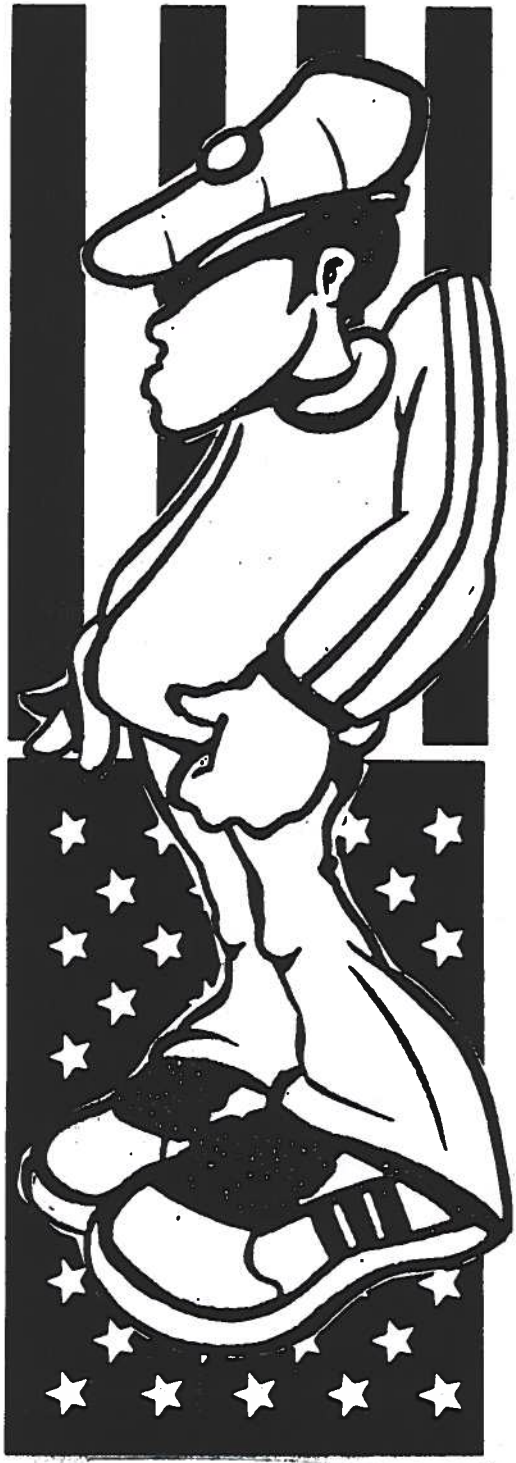
This isn't about lying—at least not for me—it's about telling someone face to face what you're thinking. Not shutting up because it's easier to hide than to tell the truth. I'm sick of hearing what you or someone else thinks about me through someone else's mouth. Just speak up and let it out. No more games for me. Thanks for the opportunity to play them, but if it's all the same, I think I'll pass.

Are you a flirt? Definitely, but my saving grace is that I flirt with women as well as men. It's my way of being friendly – it makes it that much more exciting

"...Well, I'm not putting the gun to my head..."

HE BEAST KINGDOM—IT
L BE RED FASCISM.

upset are mild and infrequent, gastroenterologists say it's best to head off the trouble before it starts. There are a number of simple preventive steps you can take, according to Vinod Rustgi, director of gastrointestinal research at Fairfax Hospital, Falls Church, Virginia. "Cut down on caffeine, chocolate, and alcohol," says Rustgi. "Stop smoking. Watch your weight. Eat slowly, and don't eat



I heard you've been getting hassled by some lowey's from La Hagra.

F: It's the Vato's man.

L: The Vato's, man, they're just messing with us.

F: We weren't doing anything—just driving down the down the freeway, not doing anything. We're just stealing stuff.

L: We didn't do nothing man, we were just driving down the freeway and this crazy Phillipino guy was going all over the road wacked out on booze. We pulled his ass over and took his keys. When I got to the car he was passed out on the steering wheel.

F: You know we don't like drunk drivers.

L: You know this guy was drunk and he almost, like, hit us with his car man. Because he was so crazy we wanted to do a good deed and pull him over and call the cops or something. You know we hate drunk drivers.

F: So we were sitting waiting for the pigs to come and all of a sudden this lowered Monte Carlo comes booming up. It was booming man, I'll give them that, man.

L: Booming man, I mean that thing was low, man

F: Clean low man.

L: So man they got out and they was vibin' man.

Were you in your '65 Ford man?

F: No, we were in our lowered SI Merc. A chop top you know. **(Flaco looks at Lonely as if he is deciding something then focuses back on me.)**

F: Man I can't lie man. We were in a Volkswagen van. I'm no liar man.

L: It doesn't matter man, we were under cover. So these Vato's were vibin' us and I told Flaco to chill, because he wanted to fight them man.

F: I wanted to fight, man, dis 'em holmes.

L: But, I made Flaco chill, besides, I was tired and they were booming man.

F: So we told them what was going on with the drunk guy man, and they said that they would take over man. So we gave them the keys man and took off in our 1970 van man. I'm no liar, man.

So how many homies are in your gang?

F: Yeah, just me and Lonely. **(Lonely leaped from his seat with momentum towards me. I was crapping my pants. He then exclaimed:)**

L: What, do you think we need more, man, we're so crazy. I'll fight anyone. **(Lonely settles back down on his milk crate seat but still glares at me with his piercing eyes.)**

"Did you ever hear anyone say, 'That work had better be banned because I might read it and it might be very damaging to me'?

-Joseph Henry Jackson

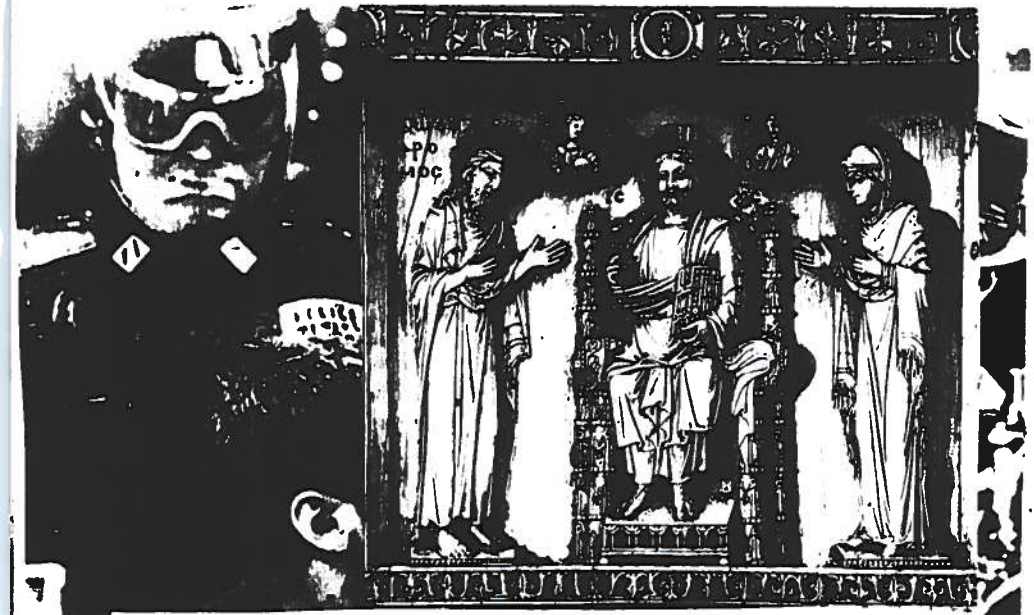
This the Meanstreak

This fanzine is dedicated with a special eat shit to Larry Bleachmouth who:

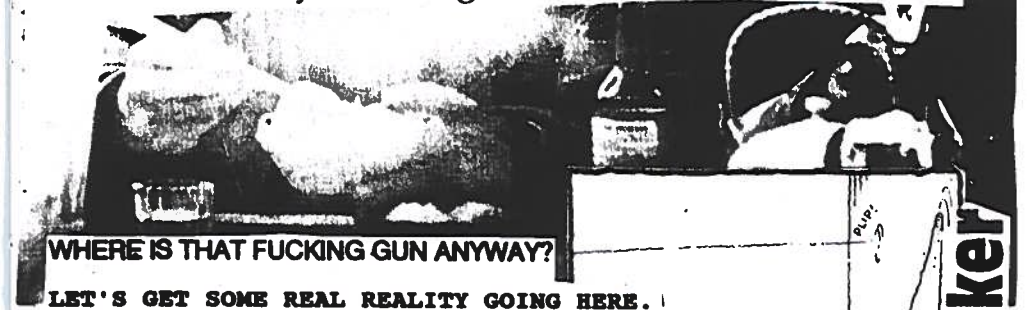
a) Called me the heat miser.
b) Started talking ghetto and decided he was a gangsta last tuesday.
c) Thinks that he is Super Duper Straight - edge boy.
d) Went to K-Mart last Halloween with his best friend Bob Money and bought matching straight - edge costumes and has worn his every day since.

NO ONE HERE IS POSITIVE ABOUT ANYTHING, EXCEPT THAT MISERY EXISTS.

PLAYLIST: SUE STRENGTH
THE FACTION - DEMO
McRAD - ALL
OP IVY - ALL
BL'AST - POWER OF EXPRESSIO
ENDPOINT - IN A TIME OF HAT
ARMS LENGTH - DEMO
JAWBOX - ALL
BAD RELIGION - ALL
FUNKADELIC - FREE YOUR ASS
PUBLIC ENEMY - ALL
RINGWORM - DEMO
GREEN DAY - ALL



First they dismissed us as flaky and hysterical.
Then they branded us a threat to internal security.
Now they're calling us an instrument of Satan.



WHERE IS THAT FUCKING GUN ANYWAY?

LET'S GET SOME REAL REALITY GOING HERE.

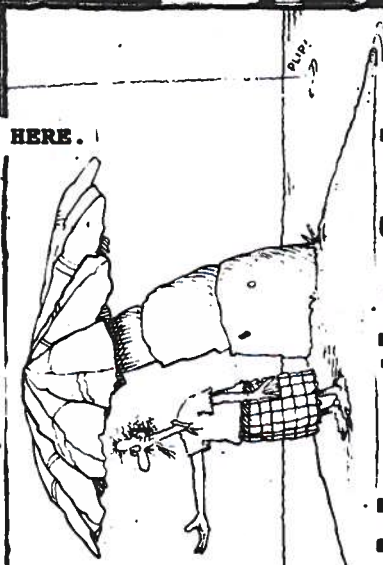
Meantime, our only President, after displaying his diplomatic finesse in Japan, went out on the campaign trail to show off his political skill.

"Don't cry for me, Argentina," he told the people of New Hampshire. "Message: I care."

In his George-Bush-Man-of-the-People mode, he carefully changed "starting" to "fixin' to start," and then quoted lyrics from a country band he identified as "the Nitty Gritty Ditty Great Bird."

Some have interpreted his stump performance as evidence that he needs to stop taking Halcion because he's wigging out, but as a veteran Bush-watcher I can assure

CRUNCHFACE (CLEVELAND) HA
THOSE WHO HAVE



CRUNCHFACE

the name became apparent

stupid motherfucker

:now the chosen toys
girls and pretty boys
p that face
the race
kick in this town
kick in this town

n is our town
lamorous
d live here if you could
one of us

tho lines that were said befo
l dreamers - we're all whores
ed stars

five-year-
uring kiss
n't worry."

That Old Red Devil

From a column by conservative syndicated columni
Walter Williams: "Since communism has lost all i
tellectual responsibility, except on U.S. college ca
puses, it has been repackaged under the name of e
vironmentalism. The goal of communism is to contr
our lives, and the goal of many environmentalists
to do the same. Just like the communists, lies, pani
mongering, and half-truths are part of their agenda.

CONGRESS BUT UH ha You know
BERLin WALL THANk you
DESERT STORM thanks to
all of YOU i Have A Plan CONGRESS
may God bLESS THE UNITED StateS OF America

Four More Years

four More YEARs

AND
OUGHT
METH-
E INTRO-
ROVINCES
ART OF EGYPT
EE EXAMPLES OF
CAUSED SUR-
O FELT
POKE
AS A
ENCE."

The crunchbeat continues light years beyond the 808 and even though the likes of real entertainment has never been seen in crunchland, certain self-important smiley faces seem to think so and spend every nocturnal moment living life to the hippest just to be full of something other than the cow juice. They have all got the fever again and again and sometimes it feels like madam someone's famous wax museum there are so many carbon copies in this town of a few and it's high time that someone pointed out that it certainly does not matter who you say you are to anyone other than yourself so please keep it at home...

the local version of the basic Parker Bros. is to treat people as if their first name is is welcome and the quasi - second that a flinch is made at their use, the label of no gooder is slapped and the guilt is left to be dealt with, but I'm back with the motherfucking death star and we can play this any way that you wish but how do you plan on beating the game that moves as you play? The rules keep on changing and you know who keeps changing them, so either get lost while you can, or get hurt.

information file on progressive corpses number two.

Oh You

Never eyes
closed-hands
open, always
searching in
eyes to
find something
I never could,
and never wanted
when I found it.
Reaching out and
never fe
clutching
but never
see what
knew was
inside - it

All the fa
bled my e
sleep in fi
of passio
kisses of
I would f
always ch
my eyes

-Mic

THE THINGS I SAID:

"All of my friends have those cute little girlfriends, and those happy, fake, fucking relationships." I told her. "I'm into your violence and the crazy look that glazes your eyes sometimes, especially when we're having sex and you ask if you can choke me, or if I'll cut you with my exacto knife." How many women would laugh when a trucker saw you masturbating as she drove you on the highway? "I love you so much." Is what I tell her.

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME THAT I SMILED WITHOUT SOMEONE BEING SERIOUSLY INJURED UNDER THE EYE OF NUMEROUS THREATS, LIFE CONTINUES ON AS NORMAL AT CRUNCHFACE HEADQUARTERS.

Julie

French
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Volker
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Since fi
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York. "I
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has bee
more: t
in Paris,
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Julie Del
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hopes t
Arquett
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never k
language
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Joll-li
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Blanche
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t lik
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ows
ig up
nel girl,
s." She says she
while films are a way
o don't always mix easily. "I
rs ago. I'm a little... upset. I needed to
ipts were so bad. They don't see what is
th music, the good ones come. I wish I could
me. And
do both" ●

QUIZ YOURSELF: Have you ever asked yourself these questions?

1. Why was I taugh to wear matching socks?
2. Why was I taught to date members of my own race only?
3. Why was I taught that meat and dairy are proper nutrients, when they are detrimental to my health?
4. Why did Dad hit Mom?
5. Why are the BEATLES still popular?
6. Why are minorities stepped on?
7. Why is Franki Avalon still among the living?
8. Why are stigmas for life?
9. Why am I allowed only one lover for life?
10. WHY CAN'T I ASK WHY?!

almost. We met the guys from Confront and Integrity at a party at Mean Steve's apartment (a whole other story), and hung out with Jhonny Ultraviolence and Shawn and Larry and Rick in Akron. An adventurous weekend. Die, sinners.

You're not supposed to be so blind with patriotism that you can't face reality. Wrong is wrong, no matter who does it or who says it.

-Malcolm X 1965

RAGE!

HOW LONG CAN WE KEEP ON LIVING LIKE THIS? TOMORROW, MAYBE FRIDAY

irst released in 1982, Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner* wa films of the Eighties. S hotography combined pow tful screen- play which pos about time, history and hu same time, the film held up an future. It was set in Los 2019, but *Blade Runner* round the world, e an

Eve you will have heard ut it. on videos have d it, etic was ed rrel Corpo on to n 7 sampl m it, ieff and Davi ost- nalyst to ilé te ew uliana the of ski etic

C.F.: The song's on your demo vary in content, yet they all seem to be very encouraging, and positive. What is the inspiration behind your songwriting?

Trace: Laurie writes most of the music, and she's not here so I can't really tell you what she thinks. Basically, on the drums, I try to play loud and fast.

Sue Strength: I write all of the lyrics, and usually I just write about life in the way that I perceive it.

Jen: Plus we're really into skating, so we always like to have skating songs.

C.F. I noticed that you cover Still Strong, by Bold, on your demo, why?

Sue Strength: Because we are.

and other jig- h a wave of of this trend, dley Scott to inal, intended ne Castro and

irst, the new ever it played rly next year. l, Scott is reportedly intending to go even with the remix, planning the restoration of a crucial dream sequence and other footage.

IF YOU CAN'T WALK THE WALK . . . DON'T TALK THE TALK w modernists, new beatniks, old punks and old ideas. It was a year for wild all-nighters and creative blagging, when history was made on a daily basis on the TV news. Catchwords for 1992: optimism, anger, Europe.. Don't look back

countercultural topography

friendly, tastefully decorat
nd brown, and full of high
s second nature. Political
One can get organic kidne
cards that support legislat
production, find cruelty-fre
aking action against anir
ublication (printed on re
oal is quality and integ
ood we sell, the way we t
nd how we conduct our b

power of your white/black skin? The sam
black/white skin that is eaten by insects an
bugs every day? The same black/white sk
that will yellow and rot in the grave, a feast f
the worms? Is this the power you speak of? C
is the power from that white/black body? Th
body, getting old and smelly and rotted
Getting sick, getting tired? This is power
think you can brag about? What
foolishness!? What is this
rascal shouting about? "Bl
this nonsense!? Face

HELLO MOTHERFUCKER. PUT YOUR HAND BACK IN YOUR POCKET. NO ONE HERE IS GOING TO COME
LOSE TO SHAKING IT, AND IF THEY DO THE REST OF US ARE GOING TO BUM RUSH. YOU'VE HALFWAY
ROSSED THE JOCK LINE AND NOW THAT YOU'VE TRADED YOUR LETTERMAN JACKET FOR A DANZIG
SHIRT ALL THE HELL THAT YOU'VE GIVEN PEOPLE LIKE US UP UNTIL TODAY IS FORGOTTEN AND YOU
ARE GOING TO JOIN THE HARDCORE FRIEND OF THE MONTH CLUB, RIGHT?

WRONG. YOU MADE OUR LIVES VIOLENT, IT'S BEEN INGRAINED. WE ROUNDHOUSE IN THE PIT. MY
FAVORITE PART IS WHERE I ELBOW SOMEBODY LIKE YOU IN THE MOUTH. KEEP YOUR FRIENDS AND
YOUR SID VICIOUS BULLSHIT AT HOME AT YOUR MOMMY'S HOUSE, OR RIDING AROUND IN THE CAR
DRINKING WHERE IT BELONGS. THIS IS HARDCORE. THIS IS NOT IDEAL. OR ALTERNATIVE. OR
ANYTHING THAT RAY CAPPO TOLD YOU IT IS. THIS IS VIOLENCE. THIS IS WHERE PEOPLE LIKE ME
COME TO GET AWAY FROM ASSHOLES LIKE YOU. I LAUGH OR I SUCKER PUNCH. I HATE EVERY ONE OF
YOU JOCKS WHO THINK THAT PUTTING AN INDEPENDANT PATCH ON YOUR JEANS MAKES YOU
DIFFERENT. PREPARE FOR THE MEANSTREAK.

I'LL SEE YOU THERE, OK? I'LL MURDER YOU WHEN YOU PLAY FOOTBALL IN THE PIT. AND IF I CAN'T
DO IT ALONE, MY FRIENDS WILL HELP ME. YOU'LL BE BACK INTO PINK FLOYD AND BO JACKSON
BEFORE YOU THINK. THERE IS NO ROOM HERE FOR YOU. IT IS ALL ABOUT US AND IT ALWAYS WILL BE,
THIS FUCKED UP LITTLE WORLD IS OURS AND WE WILL NEVER ALLOW SOMEONE LIKE YOU TO ENTER.
COME TO OUR SHOWS AND THINK ABOUT HOW YOU JUST SPENT FIVE DOLLARS TO GET THE SHIT
KICKED OUT OF YOU BY THOSE OF US WHO NEVER PAID TO SEE A SHOW IN OUR LIVES. I'LL SEE YOU
IN THE PIT.

...ator 2: Judgment Day
...Syz N The Hood
7 Trust
8 In Bed With Madonna
9 Jungle Fever
) Miller's Crossing
| King Of New York
! Miami Blues
| Life Is Sweet
| Hangin' With The Homeboys
; Henry, Portrait Of A Serial Kill
, The Grifters
' New Jack City
After Dark My Sweet
State Of Grace
Let Him Have It

' *Tango*.

, since 14, her latest filr
·d); Irene Jacob, who wo
r role in the upcoming *Th*
Godrech, the rising sta
antée and now appearing i

cole of Catherine Deneuv
es – Adjani, Huppert, Pasc
kita Parillaud. Pasco, Dall
: successful films while livin
rs. Such a lack of autonom
and May. They are more i
, and most have interests i

dozen films and recor
ere throughout 1992. But th
Paradis have not appeare
atest in a long line of sensu
line that goes back as far
launched Brigitte Bardot
tly, in 1986, Beatrice Dalle
Jean-Jacques Beineix's cu
oom wall status throughor
film critics that she was th

went on to make a string
d be dramatic" stuff rare
– and her last internation
's "Move To Memphis". H

COME FIRST

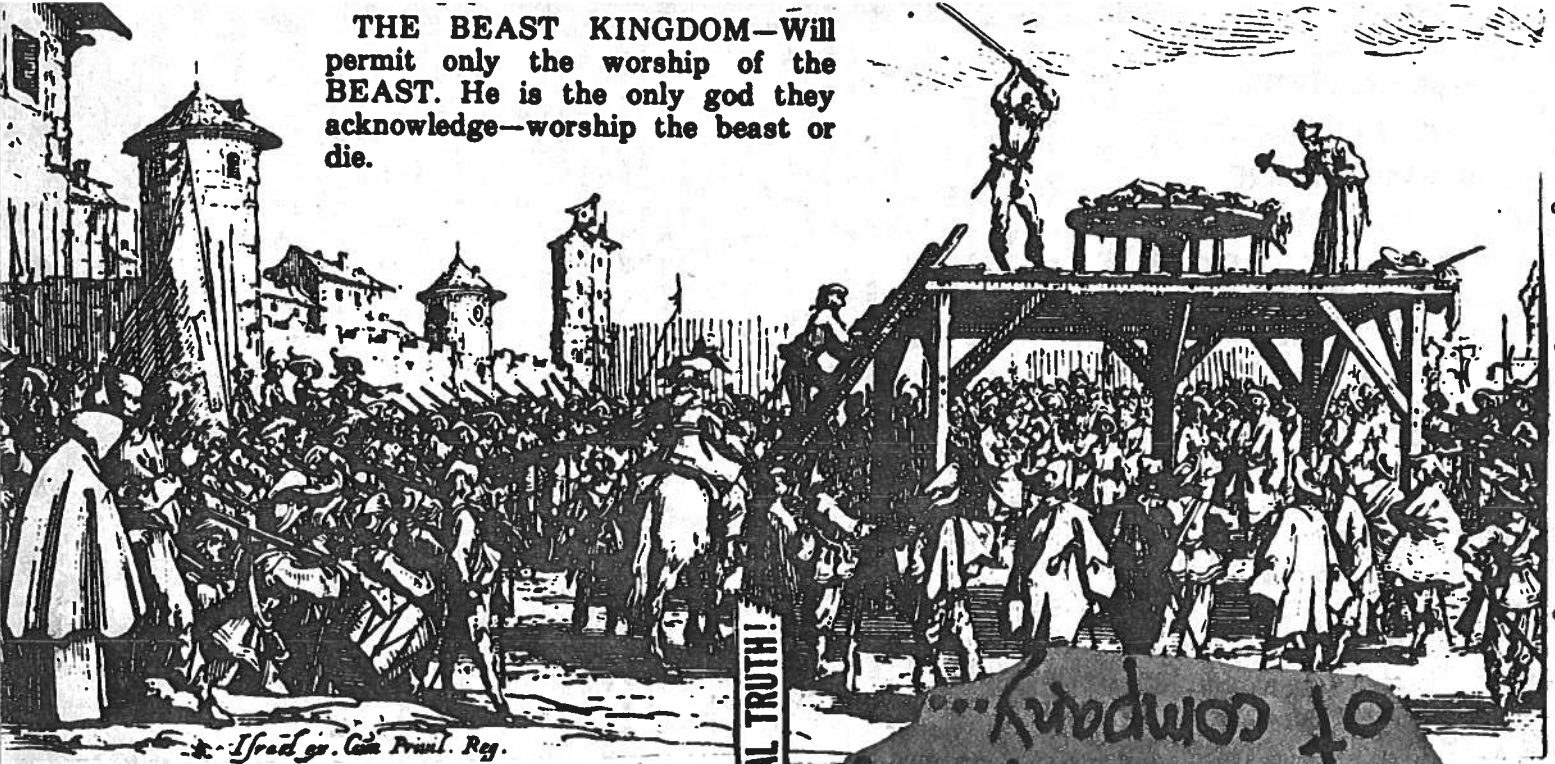
culture going on, if you know where to look." She points not only to Springsteen and Mellencamp, who sing of small-town blue-collar life in de-industrializing America, but also to the heavy-metal music of Metallica and Guns N' presses the rage

REFUSE

Blade Runner teems with de
in shadow or obscured by fo
Each viewing reveals fresh imag
tions. How
or si

CRAFTED IN AMERICA · WITH PRIDE

film, but they
easier.


THE BEAST KINGDOM—Will permit only the worship of the BEAST. He is the only god they acknowledge—worship the beast or die.
Say 'no' to your Mother and you'll have plenty of company...
fuck jesus fuck jesus fuck jesus fuck jesus

NO EXIT issue 4

This is the original zine of John (Grumblebelly, Hand of God) and Alejandro (Deepsix Superstition, Dipstick Superman) did before their solo issues and their other joint effort, Perilisium Cantos. I guess this is their music zine. Same awesome, cynical as hell opinion pieces, lots of reviews, a funny, Lotza-poor-lozers, concert review, and interviews with Circus Lupus and Simple Machines. The story by Jason Read, about going to Columbus to see Circus Lupus play at Stache's, had me laughing out loud. He's a hilarious writer. You can get it for stamps or something for trade. LOVE BUNNI PRESS - 2622 Princeton Rd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio 44118. - Brad

THE STARK BRUTAL TRUTH!

LETTERS

. . . . as the scene turns. . . . .

Rotten Fruit,

Regarding your review of Crunchface #8, in Rotten Fruit #10, and more specifically your comments directed to a reply to a letter written by Doug M., I feel that I should explain why I was so harsh, and I'll admit, condescending toward him. Living in the same city of Doug M., and knowing him for a few years caused me to take his letter that you termed "a little naive" in a different light. I should have explained that Doug M. and I, (and others at Crunchface), have strong personal problems that recurr every time we come into contact with one another, and although I left our disagreements out of the reply, my feeling's quite obviously surfaced, but my intolerance for Doug M. has been long in incubation, and that is another reason why he was attacked.

Spending an entire paragraph pointing out his poor typing skills and grammatical errors was done because I felt that statements made throughout his letter in the same vein as, "the new kids are dumber than ever," were very arrogant, and again condescending towards any new member of our scene. The constant influx of "new kids", is what keeps a scene alive, and I don't think that those of us who have been involved in this scene for some time should look down upon the new members from our pedestals of time served. Doug M. has long been someone who has to put everyone down (behind their backs, of course) simply for not thinking in his genre, therefore I reciprocated.

Perhaps I should have not printed his letter, and just wrote back, but I was pissed, and I wanted revenge. Previous to receiving Doug M.'s letter, I had been informed by his girlfriend that he called us "idiot skinheads that wear combat boots", so that was fresh on my mind. I am not a skinhead, nor do I associate with them, and although I do skate in Chuck's, I don't think they resemble Doc's in any way, but this is the type of relationship that Doug M. and I have, oh well.

In closing, I would like to point out that even though Rollins is a sucker for telling me that I can't take criticism, his advice means worlds, he's still large. I'd like to give a shout out to T.C. O'Rourke, Rob R Rock, Gwar, Rob Point, and everyone who still skates indies. I sleep well at night, your zine lamps, and Bird has blue dreds.

and he can still suck it. 2/26/92 boyee

From the Front,
Ultraviolence.

write me poems and tell all of your friends about me. kiss my bloodless cheek in public. i'd really like that, i'd really like that....act like you care and wait twenty minutes to talk behind my back, grind beneath my friends. blow your smoke in my face as we lay in bed. cold winds echo through my chest, i am the wizard of loneliness. like a sucker that your mother warned you about, you reached out to help a voice in the darkness and was attacked. word.

Crunchface monthly fanzine has a new address. P.O. B 482, Akron, Ohio 44309-0482.

There are 250 million Americans, and once again this election year it seems likely that half or more of those eligible to vote won't even bother to participate in a process that has so little meaning and offers so little promise. There are 250 million Americans, and it's probably asking too much to expect the best and brightest of them to vie for political leadership. But why the worst?

'On the Supreme Court—in cases dealing with basic rights that are being dismantled—Thomas has joined the wrecking crew.'

—Nat Hentoff in The Washington Post

I HAVE NOT SPOKEN TO MY FATHER MORE THAN TEN TIMES SINCE 1985. AND NOW HE WANTS TO GET COOL WITH ME. NOW THAT I'M AN ADULT I DO NOT NEED A FRIEND. I NEEDED A FATHER WHEN I WAS LITTLE. INSTEAD I WAS ABUSED WHILE HE LOOKED ON. FUCK HIM

THE WAY THIS ZINE IS SET UP IS A DIRECT REACTION TO THE SLICKNESS THAT SOME OF THE H.C. ZINES THAT I RECEIVE POSSESS. A LL SHOULD NOT BE SUBJECT TO EMOTIONAL THOUGHT AND LOOK ON STYLE, IF I WANTED ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE I WOULD STEAL ONE OFF MY SISTERS DESK.

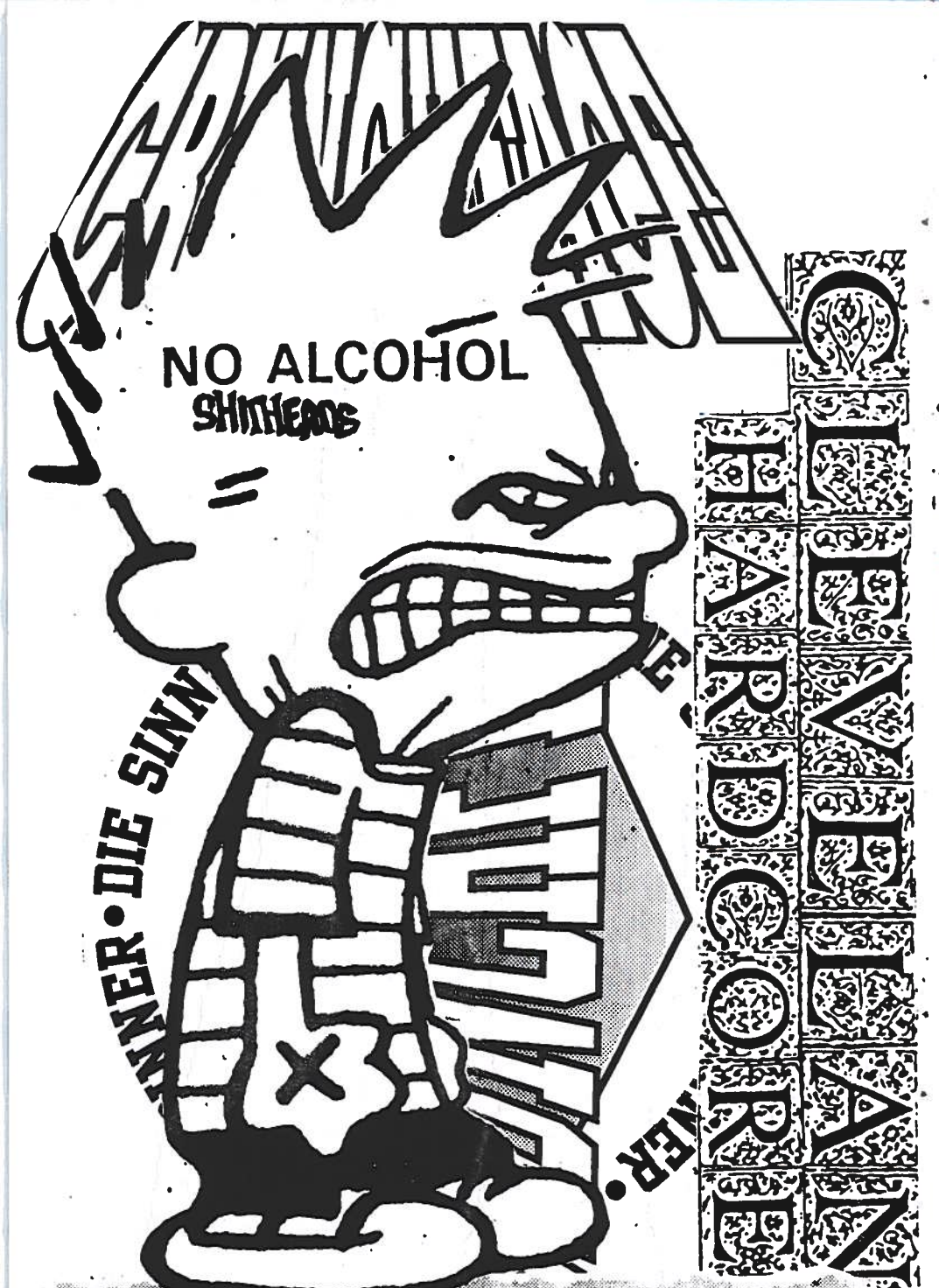
fear not! There are intimations o
— wonderful things to come. Bush is already
desperate enough to have brought up his
dead baby again to prove that he too
knows what suffering is, recalling the won
derful dead baby-off of 1988.

Bill Clinton is attacking Tsongas for
being insufficiently enthusiastic about the
death penalty (Tsongas wants it reserved
for those who commit major crimes
against society, like big-time drug dealers).
This development promises that we will
see on a national scale the same fry-off that
so enlivened the 1990 Texas governor's
race, in which each of our candidates
vowed to fry more felons than the next.

Stirring prospects ahead, fellow citizens.
David Duke and Pat Buchanan are
womping away on illegal immigration, ra-
cial quotas, blasphemous art, and dead-
beats on welfare—all those things that ac-
count for our faltering economy.

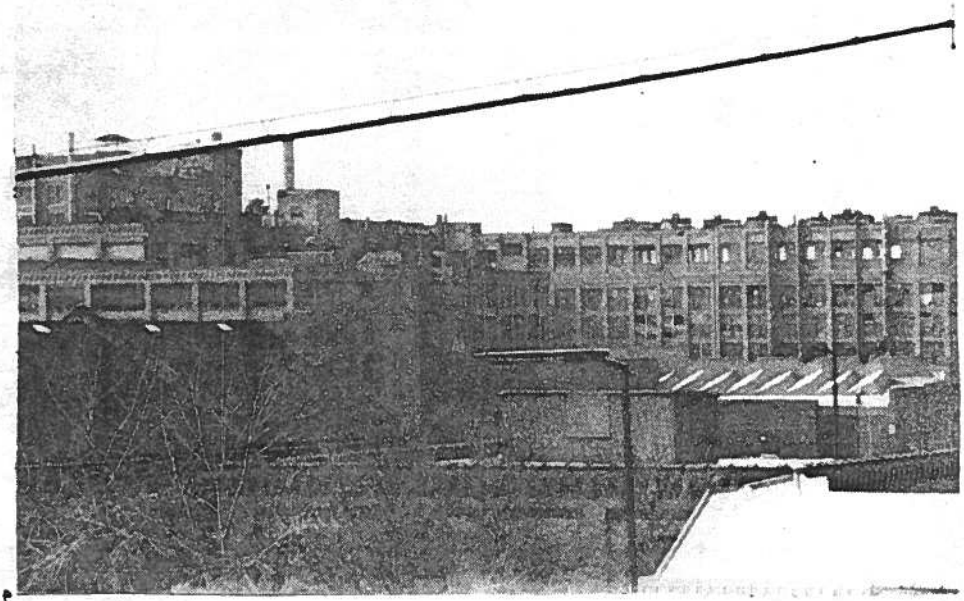
Nothing but good times ahead.

Our friend, and person in charge of interviews for C.F., (GASPRA MARTENS) recently moved to Europe. He will still be a regular contributor, but we need someone to do good interviews. If you are familiar w/ C.F. and feel that you are good at interviewing and would like to take over his job, please let us know. -U.V. (hi Sasha)



"All of a sudden, you got someone jumpin' out of a bush, pullin' out a joint, tryin' to run in on ya...

REPRINTED FROM C.F. #8 WITHOUT AUTHORS PERMISSION Y'ALL...



I HATE THE GOVERNMENT. I AM WHOLLY AGAINST ANY SORT OF ABORTION LEGISLATION. I DO NOT WISH TO HAND OVER MORE POWER TO UNCLE SCAM. MY DREAM IS ...A DREAM. I WISH WE COULD VIEW ABORTION IN THE SAME MANNER THAT DIVORCE WAS LOOKED UPON YEARS AGO. A NECESSARY EVIL. THAT SORT OF GENERAL SOCIETAL CONSENSUS WOULD PLEASE THE FUCK OUT OF ME. ABORTIONS IN CASES OF RAPE (WHICH I WOULD LIKE TO NOTE, CREATES AN EXTREMELY SMALL FIGURE IN ABORTION STUDIES.) ARE A NECESSARY EVIL TO WHICH I HIGHLY RELATE. I THINK THAT IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT A LIFE IS GOING TO BE SUFFERING NO MATTER WHAT CHOICE IS GOING TO BE MADE OR WHAT PATH IS TAKEN . THERE IS ALWAYS GOING TO BE A VICTIM THERE. I WANT TO STRESS AGAIN THAT WOMEN WHO HAVE ABORTIONS OUT OF RAPE IS AN INSANELY SMALL NUMBER WHEN COMPARED TO THE NUMBER OF ABORTIONS TAKING PLACE PURELY OUT OF CONVENIENCE. AND IT ISN'T YOUNG GIRLS (WHO WE ALL KNOW ARE BABIES MAKING BABIES) OR MINORITIES THAT MAKE UP THE MAJORITY. IT'S YOUR WHITE MIDDLE TO UPPER CLASS WOMEN WHO ARE BETWEEN THE AGES OF 25 AND 30 THAT ARE HAVING OODLES OF ABORTIONS. IS IT JUST ME OR DOES EVERYONE CONSTANTLY INSINUATE THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE MONEY AND ARE OLDER HAVE RESPONSIBILITY? HAR FUCKING HAR HAR HAR.

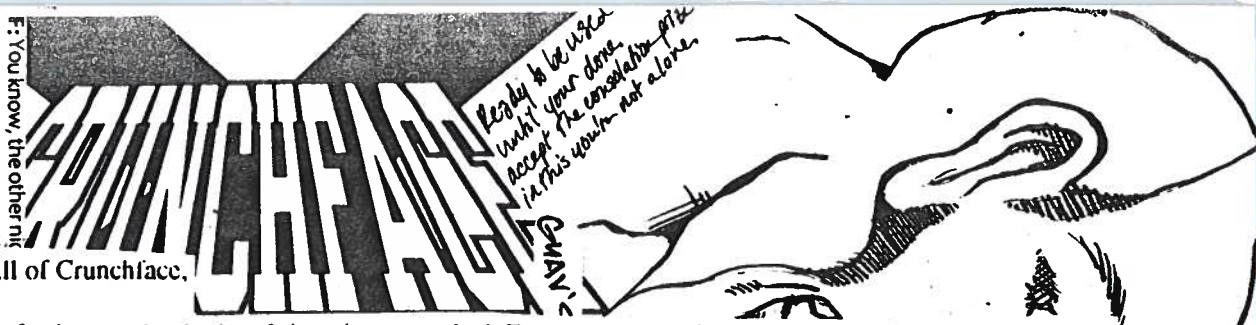
I DON'T KNOW MAN, IT SUCKS. IT SUCKS TO LIVE IN A WORLD THAT IS NOTHING BUT SHIT. EVERYONE'S OUT THERE FOR THE HIGH, THE FUCK. IF YOU DON'T LOOK GOOD, WE DON'T FEEL SO FUCKING GOOD. HOW ABOUT WE JUST MAKE PRACTICING BIRTH CONTROL MANDATORY? NOT ONLY WOULD THAT SOLVE A FUCKLOAD OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS CONCERNING OVERPOPULATION WE COULD ALL DO WHAT WE REALLY WANT... FUCKING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! WOOOO JUST IMAGINE ALL THAT SEX, BABY. GET DOWN TO NATURE. YOU CAN HAVE A LIL ONE, JUST WHEN YOU "CAN HANDLE HAVING A KID AT THAT TIME IN YOUR LIFE." THINK ABOUT IT. THE PERFECT SOLUTION. BIRTH CONTROL AFFAIRS WOULD NEVER GET TOO SERIOUS, AND YOU MEN CAN BE HAPPY THAT YOU'LL ONLY BE ABLE TO DISEASE YOUR IMMEDIATE OR NUCLEAR FAMILY. NO MORE KIDDIES OUT OF WEDLOCK!

FOR SOME REASON, I DON'T THINK THAT I WILL EVER SEE THAT DAY. THE ONLY THING I SEE IN OUR FUTURE IS MORE PATHERTIC, FUCKING, SLIMEY, COCK RESIDUE, OILY, SHITTING WHORES. MEAT-EATING WHORES. MALE WHORES. WOMEN WHORES. WHORES. EVERYONE FUCKING FOR THE GREAT FUCK DOWN. THE GREAT SELF-DICKOVER. SELF-MUTILATION. GRAB YOUR PARTNER, TURN TO THE LEFT, TURN TO THE RIGHT...THEN SELFISHLY DESTROY EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. WHISTLE. DING. DANG. SHIT. BANG, FUCKING, BANG. THAT'S MY KIND OF HO-DOWN.

ONE MORE THING. DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK ABOUT ALL THE SELF-RIGHTEOUS FEMMINISTS OUT THERE THAT FEEL MEN HAVE NO SAY IN ABORTION. YOU FUCKERS ARE STUPID. WITH THAT KIND OF "HANDS OFF" LOGIC, BABIIES WOULD NEVER EXIST. DO YOU ADOPT THE SAME PHILOSOPHY IN THE BEDROOM?
"GET AWAY YOU PIG, THIS IS A WOMAN'S ISSUE, I CAN DO IT MYSELF."
YEAH RIGHT, BABE.
HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO BE LAYING IN THE BEDROOM WITH YOUR LEGS SPREAD OPEN, TRYING TO EMPREGNATE YOURSELF?

HOT NEW STUDIES OUT OF HARVARD SHOW THAT IT TAKES A REPRESENTATIVE OF BOTH SEXES TO CREATE A CHILD. THIS MEANS THAT IT MUST TAKE BOTH TO TERMINATE THE LIFE, IF TERMINATION IS THE CHOICE IN QUESTION. BE CONSISTENT.
THAT'S IT. DOES ANY ONE KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A PRO-CHOICE VEGAN/VEGETARIAN? WHEREVER YOU ARE, BABY... YOU'RE A MAJOR FUCKING HYPOCRITE...

ALL SINCERITY. CLAIRE/7103 OAKWOOD GLEN #15/SPRING, TX. 77379/ COMFORT THE AFFLICTED



All of Crunchface,

In the very beginning, I thought you sucked. To me, you were just a bunch of whiny shits who had to pick out the bad sides of people and make it noticeable, just because it gave your egos a couple more pounds of only the hardest of hardedge pressure.

On the other hand, my friends swooned. They would mentally offer you sex and physical pleasure beyond comprehension. Also their unnoticeable gestures and mumbled propositions didn't get them too far. They remained avid Crunchface readers.

Through them, I came across number seven. An emotion close to boredom spurred me onto reading. It was to my surprise, those pages before me, were pages of integrity. I truly liked Jhonny's story, and I think Larry is a really good writer. I also liked how you put in the clip about the unnecessary animal testing, was the adjacent letter actually posted?

Ah! The hardedges with a soft spot for this great-earth (even the strongest of the stronghave vunerabilities)

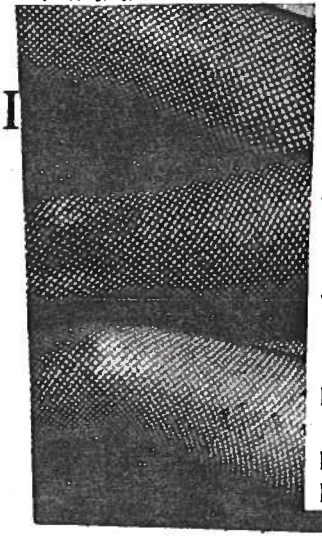
Even though Crunchface could be considered to be in the incubator stage, I should hope to aid in your life support.

Purchaser of number 75 of 150,
Marie

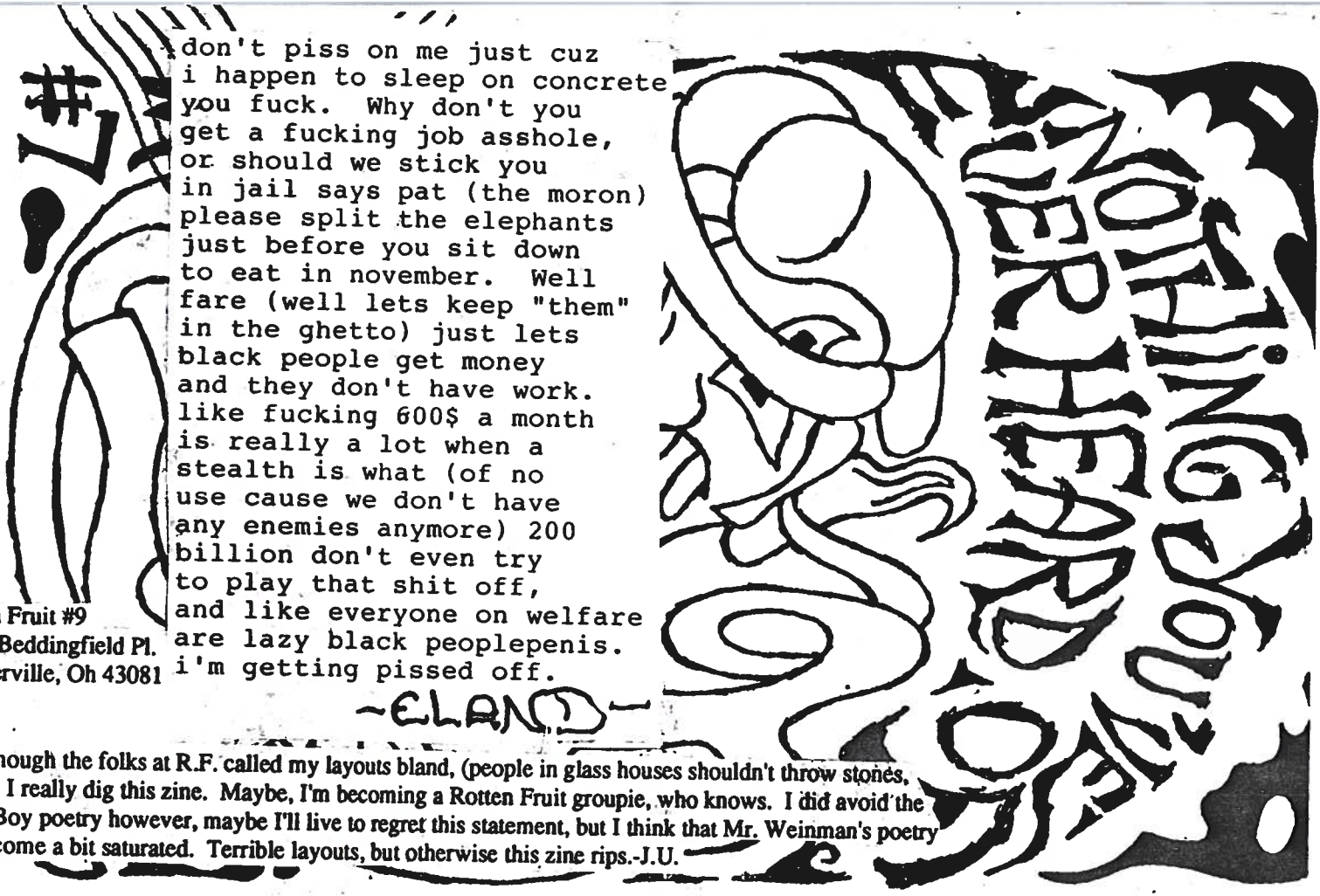
F: You know, the other ni
the alley and there was t
were like ten of them, and they're all "Yo man" and
I could understand them cuz they were talking jive,
and that's a language I speak. I was all "What's up
holmes" and he was all "Yo man where you from?"
and I told them that we were Doheney Dos Locos,
and they all ran man.

L: Yeah man, they were all running.

F: We ran after them and caught one of them. His name was Baby Insane. We asked him why he was running and he replied with fear on his face man; "Doheney Dos Locos, we just don't like them man. Don't hurt me man. Don't hurt me."



Don't be a dummy


#9
don't piss on me just cuz
i happen to sleep on concrete
you fuck. Why don't you
get a fucking job asshole,
or should we stick you
in jail says pat (the moron)
please split the elephants
just before you sit down
to eat in november. Well
fare (well lets keep "them"
in the ghetto) just lets
black people get money
and they don't have work.
like fucking 600$ a month
is really a lot when a
stealth is what (of no
use cause we don't have
any enemies anymore) 200
billion don't even try
to play that shit off,
and like everyone on welfare
are lazy black peoplepenis.
i'm getting pissed off.
-ELAND-
NOTHING YOU'VE EVER HEARD BEFORE

Rotten Fruit #9
1058 Beddingfield Pl.
Westerville, Oh 43081
$1.25

Although the folks at R.F. called my layouts bland, (people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, Brad.) I really dig this zine. Maybe, I'm becoming a Rotten Fruit groupie, who knows. I did avoid the white Boy poetry however, maybe I'll live to regret this statement, but I think that Mr. Weinman's poetry has become a bit saturated. Terrible layouts, but otherwise this zine rips.-J.U.

FASHION

fe is a Joke

Ribbons U to Here

SACRIFICIAL LAMB issue ?
This is really short, but only takes 2 stamps to get. Some interesting political statements, a short essay and a really disgusting, gory cover photo. SACRIFICIAL LAMB - Eland 4598 Mackall, S. Euclid, Ohio 44121. -Brad

SID VICIOUS "Sid's death was a remarkable and wonderful tragedy," Malcolm McLaren told *Q*. "The idea and the whole notion of the Sex Pistols was to be totally irresponsible and struggle for immortality." Maybe that's why PIL's Johnny Lydon (née Rotten) – alive, kicking and *married* – won't even admit there ever existed a band called the Sex Pistols.

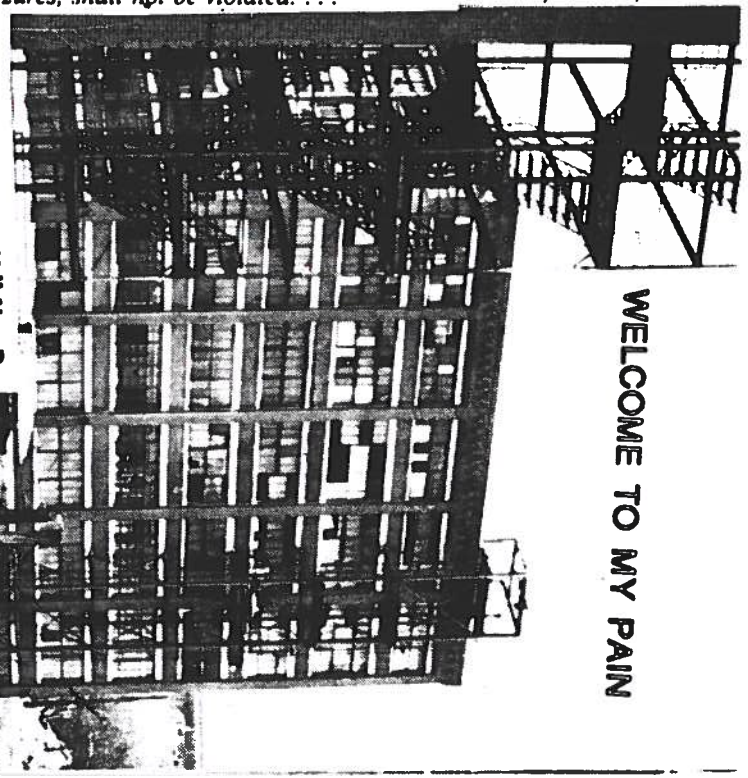
LOVE BECAUSE YOU CAN, KILL BECAUSE YOU HATE!

Gil Scott-Heron's "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" is one of the great misjudgements of all time. "If there was a revolution," says Michael, "the first place it would be shown would be on television and it would be the highest ratings ever"

AMENDMENT IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. . . .

WHAT is your least attractive feature? Physically, ot a list that would fill this page. I fly off the 've got a bad temper and o ly easily hurt, like if someone e street and says, "I think your ffected by it for days •



WELCOME TO MY PAIN

"WE LOOK FOR the best sperm, period. When you get right down to it, we're breeding animals."

The speaker is Robert Klark Graham, the affable, courtly and always blunt founder ar director of the Repository f Germinal Choice, sometim known as the "Genius Bank," the "Nobel Bank." Graham, 8 is an c ...entrist, a pioneer ir the m ses for eye 1979 an small pi ortune vinced t were babies having too few, collective IQ, available the sperm," free of ...re men whose work has appeared ...rnals

straight girls

The Str8 Girls graphic was made by our friends in the New Jersey Str8edge band: Encounter. Sue Strength passed it along at the last staff meeting where it was unanimously decided that Tony Erba Can Suck It. -U.V.

WHERE ARE THE KIDS?

NEED TO FORGET THIS

But, you may answer, he has a good reason. Does he? Would you excuse David Duke if his father had been killed by a black man?

PLAYLIST: U.V. *Nature, me.*
GO - GO'S - GREATEST
REAGEN YOUTH - VOL. 1 nd
BEASTIE BOYS - PAUL'S BOTIQU
PUBLIC ENEMY - ALL
ROLLINS - ALL
BABES IN TOYLAND - ALL
CYPRESS HILL - CYPRESS H
MAIN SOURCE - LIVE AT THE B
REASON TO BELIEVE - ALL
DOWN BY LAW - DOWN BY LAW
SCARFACE - MR. SCARFACE IS BACK
A TRIBE CALLED QUEST - THE LOW END TH. ORY
DREAM WARRIORS - AND THE LEGACY BEGINS
DESCENDENTS - LIVEAGE
FEAR - LIVE FOR THE RECORD
SHEER TERROR - UGLY AND PROUD

TRANS METEOROLOGIST (927 roland rd, lyndhurst oh 44124) Another Cleveland zine (see I do support the scene man, so Erba wipe them tears out of yer eyes). This sloppy-ass skate zine was handed to me at some Babylon show, and I gotta tell ya I admire these young whipper-snappers sense of humor. They pack more humor, in-jokes, and goofiness into one page then I can in thirty-eight pages. Not a great artifact, but definitely out there.

...about being so m... could... to say... enced... and if... lesser... any. ... so mu... happe... consi... with ... here, ... part o...

by Janet Hinkel

I could tell you that one out of every three women that rape happens every six minutes in this country; that for every one rape reported there are ten women, according to the National Organization for Women, who do not report being rape But you would probably say, "Wow. What high statistics. Somet needs to be done." Then you would go merrily on your way.

The problem with statistics is that they mean nothing but numbers to the average person. We turn off to violence and c the way we turn off a television set. If we don't like what see or hear, if we don't like reality, we turn off to it, becoming insensitive and tolerant of violence.

We fail to realize that behind each number, after every si minutes passes, there is a person. A person, usually a woman, is shot down, humiliated, and virtually destroyed.

Furthermore, rape does not end when the act is over. It ha just begun. When that woman or girl wakes up each morning, s faces it anew. The psychological effects never end. Every da her life, in every man she meets, she must deal with it agai Rape does more than physically violate women. It mentally destroys them. Years after the crime, women still struggle wit self-hatred, fear and shattered trust.

But nevermind all that. A woman who has been raped is just another number to add to a long list of statistics. We can continue to look at the figures and only see numbers; we can continue to condemn victims as "deserving it" and soak up the insensitivity we are fed; we can continue to forget that the are real women behind each number, faced with a very real destruction...or we can use our voices.

national arthous
a one-way ticke
desire (and most
Over here, t
level, everything
industry is low-
Hollywood's ha
British film is a
pared to the $25
£1 million looks
place of the rea
that flourishes i
makers seem to
wood and so wi
an imaginary dur
It seems we jus
modern Americ
Perhaps we coul
That presumal
How Low Can Y
low-budget indep

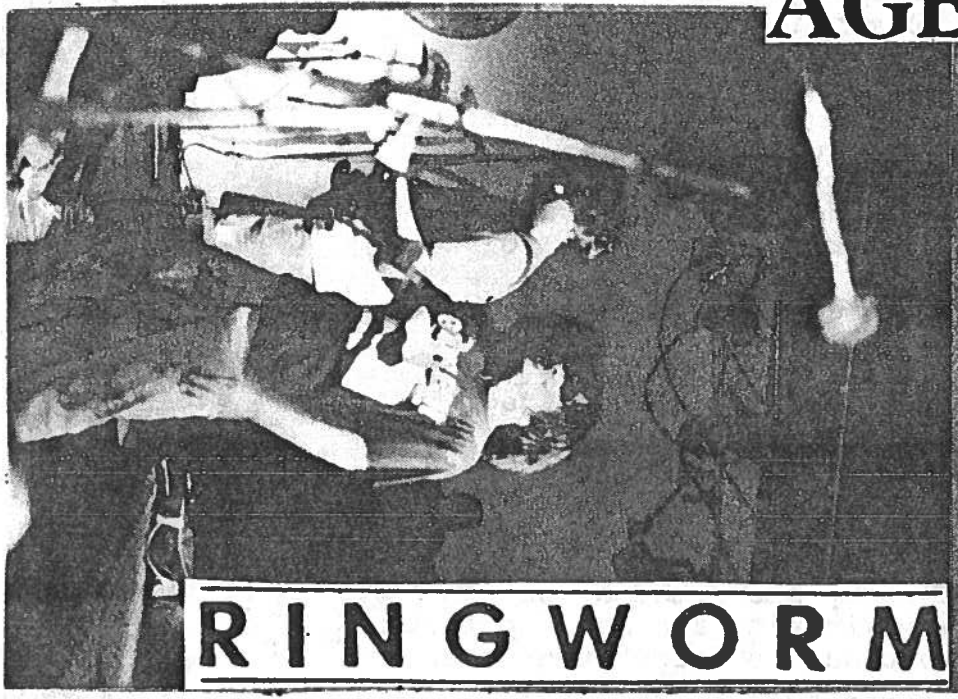
GENETICALLY LINKED TRAITS

C.F.: I heard that Mike Judge was going to be in Ringworm, what happened? RINGWORM IS NOT SILLY. THEY ROCK OUT CLEVO
F.W.: Between slaving in the fucking corn field, and trying to be John Belushi in a blues band, he had no time, so we kicked his nerd, ass out.

C.F.: What's the most that you've ever gotten paid for a show?
F.W.: Twenty dollars.

C.F.: Do you wish you were Godflesh?
F.W.: Maybe James and Kenny do, I know that's their favorite band.

THE MIDDLE AGES



Old English and went down to the alley to drink it. We all talked about cats man. One guy said that he had a cat named "Sparklet" MY cats name is Party Ball, because every time we drink, the cat is always by the party ball you know.

L: Like I said, I have a Tory and his name is Hinie. I named him that because when I'm sleeping he'll come up to me and put his hinie in my face. You know he's crazy. He's all right.

F: So you know there's a lot of gang stuff going on but it's really neat you know.

L: Because it's all cat-oriented.

F: It's all tied together with cats.

L: People think it's drugs but it's all pure bred cat lovers.

F: My cat Party Ball had some babies and I was selling them. I was coming home from a cat deal and I had like six grand on me and I got pulled over by the cops and they wanted to know where I got the money. I told them that my cat Party Ball had some kittens and I sold them. L We're cat breeders, You know, and they think we're selling narcotics.

F: Yeah, they busted me and took my money, you know. I don't care because Party Ball will have more.

L: You know they take our money but we'll just get more. You just go buy your wife something nice man.

F: I told him that I would give him a kitten. He started laughing at me. He just took my money.

L: Hey, don't take our money man. We'll give you a kitten. They don't believe that we are cat breeders.

F: Party Ball had like ten litters.

L: That's how we make our money. I don't make any money from playing music, it's all cats.

F: There's no money in skateboarding anymore. I got to deliver the goods (cats) and sometimes cushions on the side.

L: Like for Christmas I got my homie a sewing machine, and he's getting really good with it man. He makes those crushed velvet cushions and they're primo.

F: When Lonely came over with my sewing machine I hugged him and we stated crying.

L: And that's the best one you can buy man. I sold a whole litter to buy that machine. I was getting worried about Flaco always going around beating people up and so I thought he could direct all of his anger somewhere more constructive, making cushions you know.

F: I was so mad one time I made the biggest cushion and just felt so at peace when my cushion came together and was done. It was beautiful.

L: Don't do drugs man. Drugs kill. Get into cushions

Once Again I'm Gonna Say S'up to SUES.

What I tell you depends on how you look at me, how you had your head, etc. Usually, I can tell within 5 seconds if I am going to be saying to someone later what an asshole you really are, man.

A fun filled night of stage breaking gangsta/ 14 yr. old kids in Misfits shirts and combat boots/long hair and brains/forced down your throat ass kissing/ Dave Neeson/Bleachmilk Chili/long hair and brains/Shawn Zine Slut/Warren's record/ Brian Strayzak quitting Arms Length/your mom/Jay of Today/my fist in your eye/pogo/pulling your pants down/sweda telling tales/ Pepsi/P.G.'s/long hair and brains/boys with their shirts off even though it's twenty degrees in the hall/me kicking you/a can of asparagus/no credit or thanks for booking every single band/being thanked for showing up/ patronization/Tish/Splinter in the pit/Nikki on chili/everyone who you hate/me/me and your mom/shaving her back/condescending/ the old Moore ho/crybabies/tough guys/vegans/punk dickheads/ Splinter on the table/Bob Silver/Seth and Martin UKJR/anti-homophobiank/ fat kids stage diving into their dad and two friends/a circle pit/a beginners pit in the back for everyone who just wants to practice/my foot in your ass/ latent homosexuality/whatever her name is/In fucking Touch/Nerds with cameras/sex. sex sex.../don't you wish you could reach orgasm w/out someone calling you Snooky and feeding you corn chips while you sit on the pot and pretend that you have the runs?

WHO ASKED HER ANYHOW?

fuck you fuck you all fuck you fuck you all

CRUNCHFACE

In Conjunction With

TRUTH FANZINE (no dirty words)

Presents

fight me fight me fight me fight me fight me fight me

ARMS LENGTH - AKRON, OHIO
IN TOUCH - COLUMBUS, OHIO
WINDPIPE - CLEVELAND, OHIO (FORMER MEMBERS CONFRONT)
T.B.A.

$5 or $4 with a canned good.

All Ages

Friday, Feb. 21, 1992

Show starts at five p.m.

Has anyone ever told you that you have the bluest thighs... er eyes?

You are pushing me. Whether you know it or not you are so close to the moment of truth. I can't stand my eyes on you anymore. Your lies in my head anymore. I hate you. I was insane to ever say word one to you. You are not my friend. Or my buddy. Or my anything.

I have nothing. You have everything and you still want to fuck with me. Bad move. I'm protected. I'm insane. What do I have to lose by laying you out? County Jail is full. At the most I'd get a thirty day suspended sentence and I'd be right back tearing into your ass thirty minutes after court was over. As soon as I could take off the dress shirt that hid my tattoos from the judge. Then how would you like me?

People like you make me sick. You have to amass a posse to join in every move you make. Make ten million friends so that you never have to fight your own battles or justify your actions, and I can always be made into the bad guy. Fine. Give me a black hat and a stolen horse. I'll rape you. I'll burn down your house. We can play cowboys any day. You make yourself Marshall Dillon and I'll be the fucking plague. I'll eat your children. I'll stab your wife in the stomach..

I do not care. I hate everyone, with a special category reserved for you. I should rush you, motherfucker. Hit you with a brick and send your hard ass back to your parents house in a sling. We'll see how much of a gangsta you are then. They can bury you in your starter's cap and Doc Martens for all that I care. Your sister can cry at your funeral. Your dad will have to find someone else to cut the grass while he drinks Schlitz on those magical summer, Saturday, afternoons that seem like they're never going to end. No more acting ghetto at the hardcore shows for you. Just a metal box. And no one will ever have to listen to your big, fucking, mouth again.

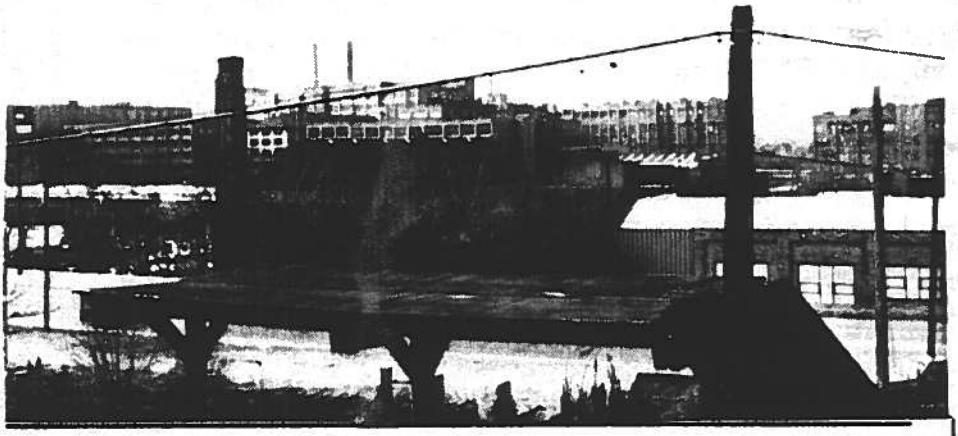
Oh yeah; Cleveland Hardcore."
Jan, we laughed for a wk. when we
heard that one. Who were those new
kids ???

...ther reading all article written by Sean Vegan Keith on this subject, I could agree with his argument that by being pro-choice, you were completely contradicting all the morals you express in being straightedge with a "live and let live" code. However, in the same sense, after reading Naomi's article in R.F. #14, I agree with her when she proclaims that you must consider the ramifications of bringing a child into a situation where it will only suffer, and, that by preventing this situation, you show equally as much compassion for their well-being, if not more. I am still very much confused on the whole issue and that's the point I'm trying to make. How can ANYONE make such a profound decision in either direction without being completely

...boycott, demon... mothers won't. C... media publicity. ...pt of th... ads in ... created ... gn. Maj... umane S... produce ... and con... with ...mitsising t... unity. Oth... where or ...at spending ...

...ENTUAT... ...ye to go ...Whether t... more then ...l reality. ...ose who ...h are, ... sentim... ...entuated t... ...tic options ...own pers... ...ve. ... suggeste... ...um of N... pain-dealin... turning ... ...away fr... ...nt and h... ...re and intr... its creati... ...e.

Man arrested in hammer assault



A Short Reply To A Long Question

Straight-edge is standing around with black X's on your hand while the names of every dedicated member of your gloious straight-edge make a change for the better movement who have turned their backs on you burns a path through your eyes that alot of them once said they couldn't close. The point is that you and every other kid who believed them ate their garbage and thought it tasted like heaven and you are definately not the one who's laughing now.

Straight-Edge is reading an interview and Tom Capone is saying that he really doesn't have better things to do than drink, and selling your first pressed Gorilla Biscuits seven inch for eight bucks because Civ trips on acid now and your heart feels broken. Straight-edge is waiting over a year for a Judge record that was never pressed and getting letters in the mail from fourteen year old kids telling you to be positive. It's watching your one year ago dedicated friends stumbling drunk outside of some club as they talk behind your back. Straight-edge is minding your own business and having some pot bellied, beer stinking asshole, who you've never seen before tell you that he used to be straight-edge back in the days, and you have never seen him before and you look around to see if he's actually talking to you and if he thinks you care.

And that's just the good part.

Straight-edge is being twenty-one and having no friends within years of you. It's being told that you are sixteen years old by drunk thirty year old members of the suntan and flourescent shorts and tank-top set. Straight-edge is being called crazy, and being made fun of for not hanging out with drinkers because you're afraid of becoming them, joining their posse. Straight-edge is the cashier at Convenient asking you what the X's on your hands mean and rolling up her eyes in disbelief when you tell her it's where the treasure's buried. Straight-edge is standing around at Agnostic Front shows while idiots in red suspenders seig heil Craig Setari (Ahead-?...forget it).

Straight-edge is not positive.

-Jhonny Ultraviolence

RIP

Miles Davis

The Shamen's Will Sinnott

Communism

Rough Trade distribution

Sounds*, *Record Mirror* and *Blitz

Robert Maxwell

Vaughn Toulouse

Haoui Montaug

David Mankaba of The Bhundu Boys

Steve Marriott

Johnny Thunders

Slim Gaillard

Stan Getz

Rajiv Ghandi

Graham Greene

Doctor Seuss

Klaus Barbie

Dallas

the Hamlet cigar ads

Gene Rodenberry (creator of *Star Trek*)

John Flett

Martin Hannett

David Ruffin

Sir Da[illegible] Lean

Freddi[illegible] Mercury

Klaus [illegible]ski

Anton[illegible]st

THIS IS THE TERMINAL TOWER IN DOWNTOWN CLEVE AS BIRD SNAPPED IT X-MAS EVE

"How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving and tolerant of the weak and the strong. Because someday in your life you will have been all of these."

- George Washington Carver

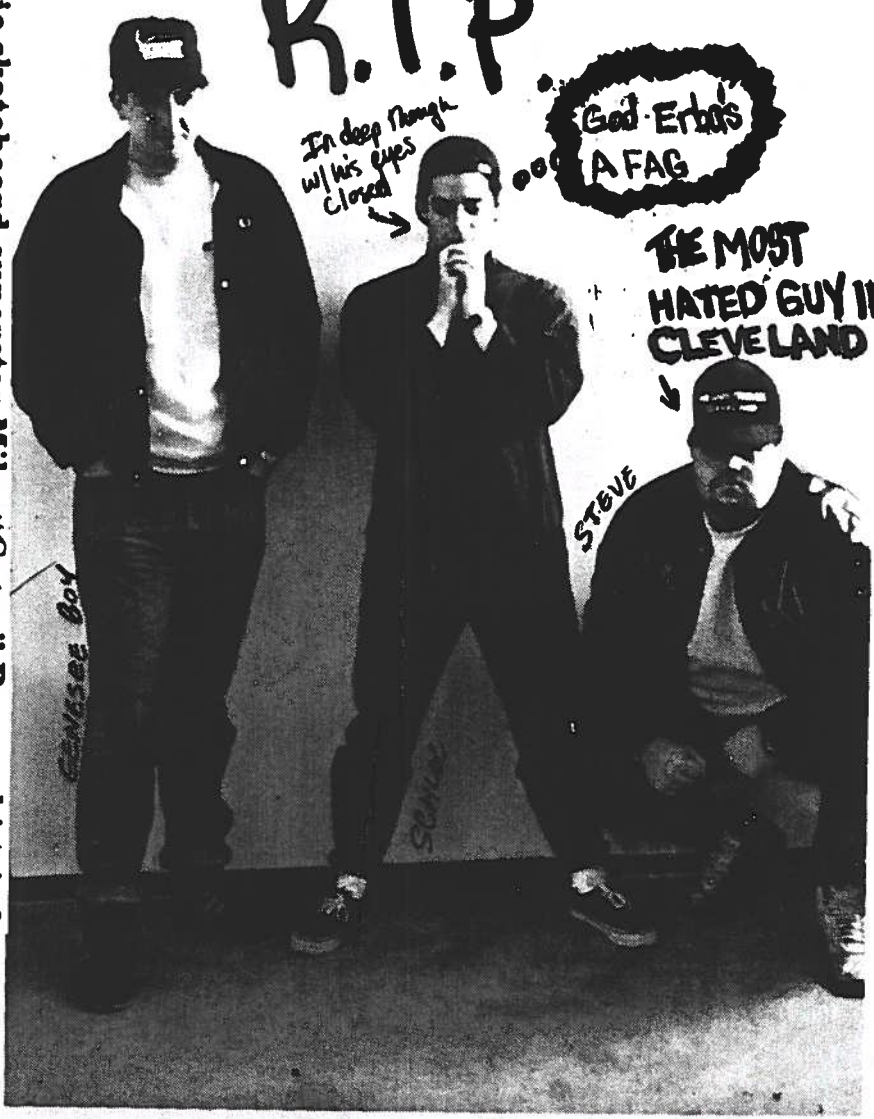
"I WISH I were beautiful," sighs shimmering *Green Card* star Andie MacDowell.

Perfectly Safe from 9 to 5

NOTHING YOU'VE EVER HEARD OF Issue 4

This is an extremely quick read, but it's FREE. It ha a few opinion pieces, reviews of music and zines and some poems. The best thing about this is the 'Special Limited Edition Straight Edge Action Man' paper doll. It's hilarious! Write to: Dave Neeson #223, KSU, Kent, Ohio 44242-0001. - Brad

MEANSTREAK 1990 R.I.P.



Sadistic skateboard superstar Mike "Gator" Rogowski tried to kill his ex-girlfriend and failed — so he says he raped, tortured and strangled her best friend in an act of twisted revenge, cops say.

[To Our Boy In The Hood ;] (JUST SO YOU UNDERSTAND)
[Making slurs work against the accuser] - when you take the negative connotation away you in fact turn the hurtful word into an emotion that gives you strength. Fuck people who masquerade as your friend to cram their political correctness down your throat... Larry and I always hated you crybaby - preach to someone else XXX

progressive cops akron ohio style.

i remember childhood and thinking that i could be anything, anyone, i wanted. i always dreamed of being alone but fortunately i have censors and judges keeping up to the fucking minute tabs on my latest haircut, speech pattern, t shirt. i punish my future to spite my past again and again and you mindless trolls routinely report my every action, even though i have maybe spoken ten words to any of you in my life.

i feel my pulse with shaking hands and icy fingers and do you feel any better about yourselves when you flash your eyes monstrously and take a deep breath and go, one, two, three, "oh, j h o n n y , h e ' s b e e n a skaterdrugaddictindustrialpunkrockerskinheadstraightedgeblahblahblah.....".? in the meantime, you have done nothing but pound yourselves with alcohol and make yourselves look older than your grandmother's. fine, i follow trends and i'm glad to have all of you around to completely know who i am behind all of the bullshit because i'm sure that you do not have enough problems of your own to deal with, but hey, if you are into having big butts and chain smoking then please get busy on the progressive dance floor like you do so very well. black and blond hair dye is cheapest at sally beauty supply as you well know and you have all been progressive clones of each other since at most nineteen eighty eight, and you'll always have up and coming, and widening clone trainees like ann s., being cool at the rad age of sixteen.

A WOMAN IS OFTEN MEASURED BY THE THINGS SHE CANNOT CONTROL. SHE IS MEASURED BY THE WAY HER BODY CURVES OR DOESN'T CURVE, BY WHERE SHE IS FLAT OR STRAIGHT OR ROUND. SHE IS MEASURED BY 36-24-36 AND INCHES AND AGES AND NUMBERS, BY ALL THE OUTSIDE THINGS THAT DON'T EVER ADD UP TO WHO SHE IS ON THE INSIDE. AND SO IF A WOMAN IS TO BE MEASURED, LET HER BE MEASURED BY THE THINGS SHE CAN CONTROL, BY WHO SHE IS AND WHO SHE IS TRYING TO BECOME. BECAUSE AS EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, MEASUREMENTS ARE ONLY STATISTICS. AND STATISTICS LIE.

aid "We don't fight, we're trying to
e a better name for Doheny Dos
s, because too many people are too
ed of us, but we're really nice guys
e." So anyway we asked him again
he was running and he said "I'm
ed man. I seen Lonely and Flaco
ing down the street. We heard about
guys." I was telling him that we were
now.
e all hugged for a while.
aby Insane started crying and we all
ged and felt so stupid.
was really emotional you know. Baby
ped crying and he said he wanted to
. So we told him that we'd take him
nner.
we went to the Chart House. **You**
n't go to A's Burgers?
way, were from Doheney, we go to
restaurants.
/e don't work either. We get our
ey from lie **(Flaco sits pondering**
a while) charities. You know, like
npeace and stuff.
/ell, you know, I'm a professional
cian. **Well, are you talented?**
e's really talented. He's special, really
ial.
e I'm like a musical genius right, but
doesn't mean that I won't knock
eone on their ass.
. . .eah Lonely.
L: So you can just shut up man!
F: Yeah man. We don't need a big group to get excited, Anyways, we dropped off Baby Insane and met his mom. She was a good lady.
L: She fixed us some chitlins
h. sor lins.

An unidentified rascal somehow managed to paste 'Amy don't come' on each of the three flyers that were made to promote the last Crunchface show that was held in the basement of Crunchface H.Q. on Feb. 15 1992. Fifty or so people showed up to watch the debut of Chef Boy O' Dahmer, and Splinter, the show was headlined by Arms Length, and over seventy dollars was made and immediately put toward the house's gas bill, which was days away from being disconnected. The matter of who vandalized our flyers is being diligently, and fervently, investigated, and you can rest assured that the naughty prankster will be brought to justice.

The official party line on what happened with the troubled, aforementioned Amy is as follows: U.V. asked Amy if her oh so natural looking red hair was dyed. She said nuh - uh, and at this point Julius Bleachmouthimus interjected, 'why Amy, you told me that your locks were indeed colored'. And when she admitted that the jig was indeed up, Ultraviolence replied, I would never lie to you, miss'.

'I heard that you're a compulsive liar,' she said.

A shocked and angered Ultraviolence said, 'you are certainly fucked.' And walked away. Amy purred to Bleachmouth that she was only kidding, said this again and again.

Her work was later expertly pranked. Amy will deny that they fell for it, but they did, it is on tape..

A recent report of that fate filled night, told to us by Joe Macaroli, all American boyee and famed Splinter drummer, has Amy saying that Ultraviolence was following her around all night on the said night, hitting on her and acting silly. The jury has decided that this is not true. She had no right to say that. You've heard our side. You've heard her side. Just come to the show.

If you need more information talk to someone from Crunchface. There's no way that we're printing our phone number on this baby. No way, no how. Nope never.

centuries, Christianity had become the official cult of the dying empire and the faith of the new peoples, the barbarians, who were to inherit its remains. While Byzantium, eastern remnant of the Christianized Roman Empire, maintained a continuous sovereignty, the empire in the west disintegrated. What had been the imperial provinces broke up into contesting barbarian kingdoms—those of the Franks, Burgundians, Visigoths, Anglo-Saxons, Lombards, and others. Historians have called the ensuing epoch (the thousand years from about 400 to 1400) the "Middle Ages" or the "Dark Ages." For centuries, this interval between the passing of the Roman Empire and the rebirth of its civilization in the Renaissance was thought to be rough and uncivilized (in a word, barbarous). Between the ancient and the modern world, life was viewed as empty, cruel, and "dark," simply a blank between (in the "middle" of) two great civilizations. Even today, the word *medieval* is often used disparagingly

Tuesday, 3.37 am.
Ultraviolence

I hold my head between my two hands and try to figure out what a gunshot wound there would feel like. I touch my closed eyes with my fingers and lick my lips that feel too dry and Alien Sex Fiend is playing on my stereo that is sitting in the corner of my bedroom and over and over again the singer is screaming, "no friends, no phone." And I sit there, rocking back and forth on the end of my bed and trying to figure out the name of the family that I heard burned to death when their house caught on fire last summer. Miller and Williams keep running through my mind but I'm convinced that neither name is right and after awhile I open my eyes and stare at the carpet and downstairs it sounds like someone is slamming every cabinet in the kitchen. "I have jelly in the refrigerator", I say out loud and in the corner, my rat stops moving around in her aquarium and stares over at me and then puts her head down and begins shredding the newspaper that I put in there this morning.

On the phone yesterday my mother told me that she had a dream that I had died on a roller coaster and that the amusement park where it had happened had sent a juggling clown to inform her of my death. She was smoking cigarettes and I could hear her inhaling and exhaling over the phone and when she'd finished telling me her story I said, "what?" Even though I had heard every word she said, and mother mother said, "nothing, forget it." And a few minutes later she told me to take care of myself and then we hung up.

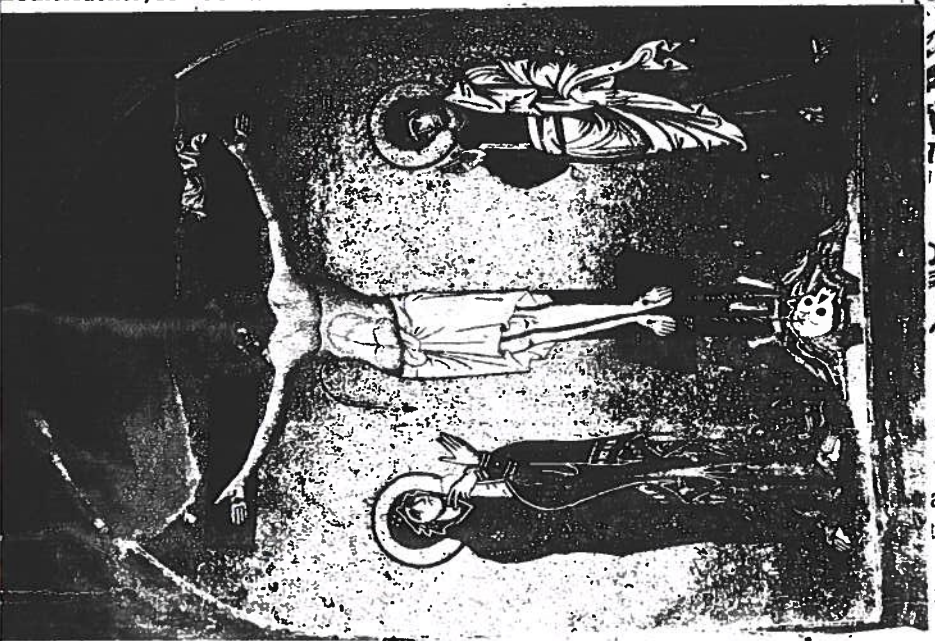
The first side of the tape that I am listening to ends and automatically flips itself and a song that I used to listen to a long time ago by The Go - Go's comes on and then after that a song by Bauhaus plays and I try to remember who made this tape for me but can't. The first time that I ever heard Bauhaus in my life was when I was at a party when I was thirteen, or fourteen, at some kid's house who went to my school and some kid there pushed another kid out of a first floor window over a girl and then later I saw the girl who the fight was over kissing another girl who also went to my school in the bathroom.

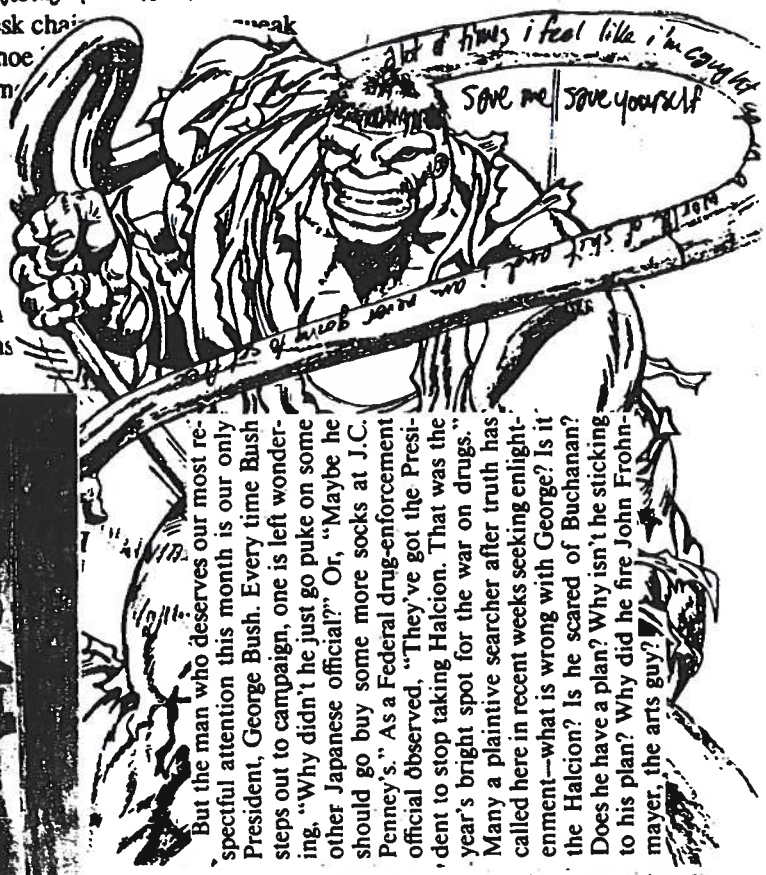
Father- Ultraviolence NEVER BELIEVE A WORD YOU HEAR

you wonder what cages me? you lean back in your not oiled office type desk cha
nd the air is completely dead, humid. you cross your leg's and your leather shoe
eg and you are a murderer and i came from one of your eruptions....."cages m
ouch the finger's of my left hand to my upper lip.

and you say "cages you,"again and don't look at me but instead you gaze a
he wall above my head. i wonder if you are really there.

"this world." i say so slowly that i almost lose my train of thought. "this v
eing in it,"and i wonder if there is a water fountain in the hallway outside of
nachine. your tie is paisley, father, and it looks like it bleeds into your face.
want to scream at you and maybe fight, ask you why you abandoned me afte
econd wife abuse me. but hey, she's only had a couple of nervous breakdowns
notherfucker, so i don't.





But the man who deserves our most respectful attention this month is our only President, George Bush. Every time Bush steps out to campaign, one is left wondering, "Why didn't he just go puke on some other Japanese official?" Or, "Maybe he should go buy some more socks at J.C. Penney's." As a Federal drug-enforcement official observed, "They've got the President to stop taking Halcion. That was the year's bright spot for the war on drugs." Many a plaintive searcher after truth has called here in recent weeks seeking enlightenment—what is wrong with George? Is it the Halcion? Is he scared of Buchanan? Does he have a plan? Why isn't he sticking to his plan? Why did he fire John Frohnmayer, the arts guy?

at withdraws your curtains, and a mother's sweet voice that
, in the bright sunlight, the ugly dreams that frightened you s

from, Lewis Carroll, Alice's Adventures In Wonderland.

Crunchface #11 is lost in the mail. I don't know what to tell you. I did this while I was waiting for the post office to trace it, it was a monster issue, forty - four pages, fucking sinner. Doing THE MEANSTREAK was mucho enjoyable... No having to threaten Bleachboys life if he doesn't get his column in by at least three weeks after the deadline that everyone seems to think is a joke, no having to decipher the codes that Shawn and Size Dunk write their little ditties in, no 411 quotes, nothing. Just me and my scissors and my rubber cement buck whylin... This is the chance to tell everyone exactly what I think of them, something that I pretty much hold back from doing in Crunchface. Read, get fucked, stick it up your ass, blah, blah, blah.

MEANSTREAK
P.O. BOX 482
AKRON, OH. 44309-0482

Interview

THIEF

The One You Want To Be.

(Some parts are loosely translated from Spanish.)

Meanie: How long have you been involved in the local hardcore demolition derbies?
Thief: Longer than any of the kids that you started seein last summer, man. They showed up in June actin like D.R.I., or I don't know what the fuck was up, and now they say they been in the shit since the start, man. Like they're SSD, or something.
Meanie: How long for you?
Thief: Don't worry about it. Long enough to remember when you were a freshman kid with a Madrid flagship. Whatsup. Hey, what was the name of that girl?
Meanie: What do you think of all the violence at hardcore shows in our area?
Thief: She had the pumped blond hair, man.
Meanie: What about the violence?
Thief: It's stupid. People should be gettin boxing gloves at the door, man. Naw, man, I'm just kidding you, that's what that kid who plays drums in Arms Length said. Violence only seems to be at the Cleveland shows, never when I go out of town. I went to Dekalb, and saw Tony Victory doin pushups by the stage, esai. Weighin about one ten. Then he backed down to everyone from Cleveland. Had to wait till we were gone to talk shit cuz he knew we straight woulda put him on his ass.
Meanie: So, you like Chicago, or no?
Thief: I don't like nowhere, man. Cept maybe your mom's ass. I hate Buffalo, too.
Meanie: What about Bleachmouth?
Thief: I used to think that he gave the love to other boys, you know. But now he's got a girl that bosses his ass around. Those two are generic, man. They live in a house with six foot ceilings. They got Judge coloring book pictures on the wall, covering up the holes in the wood paneling. He's got a huge nose, too. I heard from this mommy named Amy B. that Bleachmouth was makin fun of the lord when he was chillin and shit with his boy Beanpole Bobby Mack, and Bob's girlfriend is real religious and she was like, "I'm gonna rush, I'm gonna rush," you know, and Bob was like, "No baby, come on, chill."
Meanie: That girl Amy with the dyed hair?
Thief: She lies. I don't got nothing more to say about her. She has bad breath, too. Before I forget, I hate motherfuckin 250 EAST. You got some sorry lookin love will tear us apart roomates, man. Whasup with the dude with the cat? I don't like cats, man. Bunch of BMX peddlin vatos. Knuckles bed smells like cum. 250 EAST is a pigpen, man, and you live next door to a crackhouse, you tryin to be boys in the hood? And whatsup with Guillermo, man? You making fun of Latins, holmes?
Meanie: It's just a band name.
Thief: Whatever. You should have more shows in your basement, man. Maybe that mommy April will come back. I roundhouse. La Punta.
Meanie: Anything else?Thief: Look for my art on downtown walls. Skate indies. Stay straight. Fuck you to Sue Strength, and whasup to Trace, Jen, and Laurie. Naw, I'm just playin, Sue's cool. What's up to the Knuckle Posse and their cousin, Joints. Whasup to my Latin brother Roger Miret. Whasup to Bird.

MEANSTREAK JUSTIFICATION FILE / CLEANING HOUSE

for issue no. one

The fanzine that you are reading is the first spawn of CRUNCHFACE. My own solo project. If reading this makes you wonder what is wrong with me, I have neither the time or the desire to explain it to you here, and if you are thinking that I am someone that you shouldn't like you are absolutely correct. People need to be called on their shit, and sometimes better judgment gives way to laughter and I just have to inform you that I think that you are all worthless. Nothing. A big waste of my time.

I have been involved in this scene since I was in eighth grade and one thing that has made itself obviously clear to me is that nine out of ten people in it are complete fuckers. Now, weeks before my birthday, I am here to inform you that I have become the master at beating you to the punch. I am inches from screwing you over long before you are even considering doing me, sinner. This is how it is and how it will always be with me, the master fucking blaster.

I hate complacency and your bullshit scene unity, and Wide Awake, and the rest of the horseshit that you try to ram down my throat. I do not owe any of you anything. Your sorry, little, worries about who's feelings I hurt, and who I uttered a homophobic nasty to are ridiculous. You are all ridiculous. I could care less about you, so why does it matter what I do? Fuck everyone. Everything that I have accomplished in my life I have done on my own, without any help from any of you, my little hardcore wonderfucks. I'm internationally published and you are all complacent, politically correct, do nothings. Go cry, better yet, go die. And if I never see another 411 quote again it will be too soon...

I hope that it is crystal fucking clear to each and every one of you kiddies that I have absolutely no desire to be in your click. I would also like to talk about something other than sexism, homophobia, the American Indians, and being positive, every minute of my life. Please show me one thing that most of you have ever done other than cry like babies and throw around catch phrases and buzzwords that you claim you made up on your own. Quoting vegan books does not make you any better than anyone else, and furthermore, veganism seems only to be a tool for your pseudo - intellectual speeches that you impart on everyone you can. I do not follow a vegan diet for you, so spare me the workshop next time that you see me. Go back to Sweet Valley High.

Take this as the truth. None of what I just said is a joke. I am not homophobic, and you can believe it, or you cannot, but I refuse to justify myself to any of you. Everyone except Bleachmouth and very few others can rest assured that I despise you. You are all parasites and you are all hypocrites. I hope that the feeling is mutual. BEEN STRAIGHT SO FUCKING LONG...